

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

We know not who is the author of the following piece of poetry; but, whoever he may be, his name deserves to be enrolled among the best "Living Poets." We saw it in a Partialist paper, and it looked all the better for the attendant company. Some men's hearts are better than their heads, and we are glad of it. Abstract doctrines will yield to the force of moral principle.

"True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know;
And now to practice I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect-
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear,
Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dew-drop tear,
Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well:
I'll go and practice them. Farewell, farewell.
PRACTICE them. Farewell, farewell."

LETTER FROM REV. A. COQUEREL, JR., OF FRANCE.

The following letter, though not intended for publication, will be received with much interest and satisfaction by our readers. The younger Mr. Coquerel I mentioned in the course of my letters, but our principal acquaintance has been with the writings of his father. I enjoyed a brief interview with him at an evening party at his father's, and formed a most favorable opinion of his character and talents. Besides, he was very highly recommended to me by that excellent Father in the French church, Rev. M. Paumier, of Rouen. He is a young man of very superior talents, and already occupies an enviable position in the church and in the republic of letters. He was settled six years in the south of France, from which place he was called to the capital, to take a professorship and preach to a new congregation as a sort of missionary. We entertain of him the highest hopes for his usefulness to the cause of liberal Christianity in that interesting country. Of him we ought to ask pardon for the liberty we have taken. We hope he will consider it no breach of confidence. He would not, if he knew with what interest such letters are read in this country. This letter came to the city during our absence, which accounts for the delay in its publication.

W. S. B.

PARIS, (FRANCE,) JULY 14, 1849.

SIR, AND HONORED BROTHER:—You will pardon me for writing you in French; for, though I read the English, I do not write it, and I should be constantly troubled in the expression of my thoughts. My father regrets that he cannot write to you himself, but he is occupied in other matters. He is a member of two of the most important committees that the new Assembly has yet appointed,—that which is to control primary instruction, and that on public assistance. These committees have very long and frequent sittings, and these labors added to those of the Assembly itself, and of his ministry, are enormous; besides, my father spends a part of his nights,

time after time, in writing sermons for the press. You know that he preaches without writing. It follows, of course, that it costs him a great deal of labor to furnish manuscripts for the booksellers, who continually torment him for his writings. You will learn, with pleasure, that his works, devoted to the diffusion of our convictions and yours, are continually in demand; twelve hundred copies of his "Experimental Christianity" have been sold already, which is immense, when we reflect how averse our people, (the French,) are to religious books. It is a sign of the times really cheering. It is beyond question, and we see, without ceasing, the proofs, that a simple and pure Christianity, redeemed from all the trash of visible Calvinistic orthodoxy, has some chances of progress and magnificent developments in our country. Our Methodists are, in general, an immense evil; their intolerance, their frightful dogmas, their *cant* (as you say, in English,) which disgusts and is not comprehended, the quarrels which result from their exclusiveness, all do great injury to the cause of Protestantism. As to the new schism, produced by M. Frederic Monod and Agenor de Gasparin, it meets with very little success; in all France only *nine* preachers have responded to their appeal. In Paris they have opened a chapel which will accommodate three hundred persons, and that they cannot fill. They ruined themselves by going out of the National Church. Their dissensions are very little understood by others in France. If one could see a *Free Church* founded by men belonging to the National Church, he would understand their position better; but men who exclude themselves from us, and at the same time declare, as M. Monod does, that it is not for want of liberty of conscience or liberty of action; such men are altogether incomprehensible.

The true danger is not there any more; it is in the disposition of another Monod, of whom you have seen a notice and a history in "The Bond." He is a man of distinguished talents, but a Calvinistic orthodox of the strictest kind. He preached, last Sunday, against the *Liberals*, (that is to say, against us,) a most violent sermon. You will see, by the extracts from his pamphlet, what he said. The Consistory has appointed him recently. That body, composed of rich bankers and some other persons in high places, suffers from Methodist influence. This is, with some, a true tendency; with others it is indifference. Since February, 1848, they have wished to destroy, by a little peaceable revolution, by a decree of the provisional government, that very aristocratic body of which M. Guizot is a member. My father, although he had to suffer more than once from the acts of the Consistory, saved it at that epoch, unwilling to permit so rash an act. The spirit of the Consistory remains the same.

On the other hand, we witness a spirited reorganization of the priest's party, and under that point of view the political and religious future is dark enough. The statesmen, the most opposed until now to the spirit of the priests,—such as M. Thiers,—are frightened by Socialism, to such a degree that they would entrust popular education to the clergy, for the purpose of concentrating against Socialism all the strength of society. The Catholic clergy seize upon the occasion with avidity and their well known ambition. That is the end and spirit of the projected law. At the same time, the proposed law is full of much good and many true thoughts—the necessity of religious influence in popular education, in order to render the French people religious. But the good and the evil are mixed in that law in the most cunning and inextricable manner. In the Committee which is charged with it, the Bishop of Langres, M. Parisis, (the only Bishop at present in the National Assembly,) finds the projected law gives too little to Catholicism; which

elicited between him, M. Thiers, and my father, some very curious debates. After the sitting, the other day, the Bishop said to my father that "Protestants ought not to trouble themselves about that law. How many are there not who do not believe the Bible?" My father replied, "Many less, M. Bishop, than there are Catholics who do not believe the mass." The Bishop made no reply.

Add to that tendency, which would open the field of public instruction to all orders and congregations of religion, the political tendency of the new Chamber, the medium opinions have well nigh disappeared; the true and moderate republicans are nearly extinct. There are only the *reds*, of whom thirty-three are in exile or in prison, and the nobles of the provinces, men who belong to the old order by their habits and education. All that is a little encouraging.

Behold then, in short, the state of things in France, touching religious questions. In Catholicism, a movement of usurpation under the pretence of combating Socialism, which is, at this moment, attacked in all the re-unions which meet, from the Church to the theatres, where they ridicule Socialism with the most frantic applause of the multitude. In the bosom of Protestantism, a nullity of dissensions, but a re-organization of Calvinistic intolerance in the National Church by a portion of the Methodist party; at the same time those among us who are the immense majority, our ideas, our books, our tendency, develop themselves, and spread, in Protestantism and beyond it.

How all these various and contrary movements will terminate so as to agree, I know not. God will turn them ultimately to the progress of truth and humanity; but *when* and *how* is known to him only.

These, dear sir, are the details, given without form, as you will see, as to an intimate and confidential friend. I hope they will be acceptable. I shall be happy to continue to correspond with you upon subjects so grave and which come so near to our convictions, the dearest and most sacred.

I will give directions that the numbers of "The Bond" which you desire be forwarded immediately. My father desires me to return his thanks very particularly to you for the packet of books and journals which you announced to him; he has not received them yet. I thank you also very much for your expression of affection for me, and particularly for your invitation to make a journey to the United States. I should make it with great delight, but, according to all appearances, my occupations will not permit me.

Receive, Monsieur and dear brother, the expression of my sentiments of lively sympathy and of sincere union in our common faith.

Your devoted brother in Jesus Christ,

ATH. COQUEREL, JR.

P. S.—The people of Paris send to the National Assembly two Protestants. Unfortunately they are neither of them *religious* men, and they are under orthodox influence in their families. That is, however, a proof of the truth that the people of Paris are in no way estranged from Protestantism.

BR. CHAPIN'S ORATION AT BROWN UNIVERSITY.

BR WHITTEMORE,—The festivities of the Eightieth Anniversary at Brown University opened here on Tuesday by an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, from George R. Russell, Esq. of Roxbury, Mass. His theme was *Commerce*, and his object was to induce the scholar to give more thought to Commerce and the relations which the merchant holds to the world of progress. The effort was well received, and has been highly spoken of as brilliant, witty and wise.

In the afternoon the church was thronged in anticipation of a rich treat from Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, who was announced to address the Philermenian and United Brothers Societies. His theme was, 'THE IDEAL as an Element of Human Culture.' It was a brilliant effort, both in the oratory and in the composition. It chained the attention of the crowded auditory, and the delight of the hearers was seen in the enthusiasm which seemed to possess all alike when they separated. It was one of the most thorough and best sustained efforts of the eloquent speaker, and more than met all our high expectations. I fear I shall do great injustice to the performance by any attempt at an epitome of this Oration; but as some account will be expected, I will attempt a brief notice of the order in which so important a theme was treated. The epigrammatic strokes of wit—the scintillations of quiet humor—the brilliant coruscations of eloquent thought—and the exquisite satire which painted, by a few touches, the man of fashion and the politic politician, cannot be given to the reader.

Mr. Chapin opened his Oration by stating that the common distinction between the Ideal and the Actual had suggested his theme—the distinction between attainable, palpable and conventional realities, and that rarer Beauty, higher Truth, or more excellent Good, which under any circumstances, we may conceive. He adopted the two-fold meaning of the word *Ideal*, as embracing what belongs to the region of Imagination and the province of Art, and also indicating *What should be* in contrast with *What is*, in the spheres of the Scholar, the Philanthropist, and the Christian,—the perception of something better *in* and *beyond* the Actual.

To some extent, he said, every man is an Idealist. The artist, the poet, and the Philosopher, do but share in a common feeling as they contrast present attainment with conceptions of higher good. The presence of the Ideal is felt in every period and in every sphere of life. It is the spring of all enterprise—the vitality of all hope. The most worldly natures feel it at times, and perceive that this mortal husk of existence covers exhaustless possibilities.

The Ideal faculty, like all others, may be deadened or freshened by neglect or training, and sad was the picture he gave of those who give no heed to the Ideal as an element of Human Culture.

Attention to its claims he vindicated on the ground that every man possesses the Ideal faculty, and it is a part of his being to be developed in harmony with the whole. And then the profuse and solicitous *adaptations* to this faculty, in the order of Nature and Providence, maintain its importance. Then he spoke of the Scientific view of Nature as only *one* interpretation, and the lowest. Every where Nature presents something that cannot be appropriated by the mere utilitarian. The Artesian well of human thought, everywhere sinks into infinity, and, through all our formulas, bubbles up in indefinable light and joy. And then too we see how in the order of Providence there have appeared *certain men* to be the interpreters and oracles of the Ideal—who have shrunk from the rougher elements of the world with acutest sensitiveness, or conquered them, dying for lack of bread, yet pouring new life into the exhausted heart of humanity. Their character was finely drawn, and we were made to see in them the benefactors of all times and lands. The *enduring* nature of their expressions of the Ideal was dwelt on at length, and we saw the sculptured marble lifting its head above tangled vines and creeping ivy—the glorified picture lifted away from the storm of revolution, and could hear the mighty poem sounding down through cloudy epochs and night-like ages, waking the pulses of new born nations, and making one great artery of the Past and Present.

And then were given to us the *practical* benefits of

cherishing the conceptions of the Ideal. First, they are *Ennobling*. Everything panders to the sensual. But 'to the pure all things are pure;' and as in proportion to the refinement of our vision and the breadth of our sympathies, the world will be glorified and our whole nature exalted, the Ideal is ennobling, as it bears us beyond the sensual and outward. It does not require us to repudiate the Actual, but to apprehend and appreciate it the better—to increase the sources of daily enjoyment, and to enable us, while we live in the same practical world with the sensualist, to live *more* than he does to whom the world is but a work-shop and a market—who, absorbed in the vicissitudes of traffic, secures a good sum in the stocks and—a respectable tombstone. The orator vindicated the high office of the Imagination against the follies of those minds that deem it an excrescence or a weed to be eradicated, for its ministries are noble in informing our being with high wrought conceptions of possible good, when the Actual suggests nothing but difficulty or dismay. Beautiful was the description of the province of imagination in imparting to the young a needed enthusiasm, for the trumpet of retreat, he said, should not snarl among the keen notes that summon to the battle. And so in Works of Fiction there was good,—though he was cautious to exclude that class that sneer at Religion, and, confounding virtue and vice, glorify wickedness. The *uses* of Fiction were dwelt on, and the moral force which comes from noble characters, drawn by the poet and the dramatist, was acknowledged. And how the Ideal may aid the laborer was finely pictured, showing how the affinities of work, the associations which he who hews a pine log may gather about him, may lift his mind while his body labors. When work must be ended, and man feels his frailty, the Ideal visits him in the sick chamber, and, stealing away his pain by visions of unearthly beauty, glorifies sorrow with immortal hopes.

Again: The Ideal view of things is not only the *noblest* but the *truest*. We cannot conceive a rarer beauty or more excellent good than really exists in the work of an Infinite Creator. If ours be a *pure* Ideal, and not the conceit of a morbid or ignorant mind, the more exalted it is, the nearer it comes to essential truth. The scientific interpretation of facts may be true as far as it goes, and yet the poetic may have a richer significance, and be nearer the absolute truth. The interpretation of science is but one view of nature, for was gravitation ordained merely to bind matter together? or was light created only for a medium of vision? The great Poet or Artist creates,—he goes beyond the detecting of laws and trying of methods, and projects his works from the fervid mould of his inspiration. The critic follows to detect the proprieties, and test the works by the standards erected, but every great Poet or Artist forces him to surrender his tests. He must give himself to more than rules and methods, and fall into the mood in which the bard sung or the sculptor wrought, and then he will be nearer the truth of things. So he who lets his spirit wander abroad in the universe freely to catch its endless suggestions, will get nearest the method of Him who sent it forth from his all-creative thought to sparkle and to run, to wear its ever-changing robes of splendor, and to sweep through its orbits of wonder and of joy,—he will know more of it than one who traces its 'vestiges' in the drifting star mist and the crumbling fossil. The scientific interpretation is to be accepted for what it is worth, but the mere Ideal is not to be treated as merely fanciful and valueless. If to the Poet it is a gorgeous Epic—if to the Devout Man it is a Temple—so it is, and would that these Ideals were more familiar!

But the relation of the Ideal to the True is seen in the fact that its conceptions are the heralds of all discovery. The Ideal faculty carries on all suggestions of

truth to further beauty. Men who have enriched the world with great truths have been in a profound sense—Poets. A lofty idealism has led them on. Kepler predicts with the glow of a prophet, and Newton breaks off his reasonings to worship. Columbus sees ever a vision of the New world hanging against his wet and tattered sail and Frobisher, across the Arctic ices, scents the fragrance of Cathay. Such have been the 'Martyrs of Science'—such too those who have borne willingly the name of 'Visionaries' and 'Heretics,' sustained by splendid dreams that have been made real to the world. When the discovery has been made—of which they prophesied—it has always eclipsed the most enthusiastic conception. [And here the orator gave a most brilliant passage, thrilling the soul of the hearer with a new inspiration of hope, as he pictured the grandeur of discoveries in contrast with the faint conceptions of those who were deemed wild and visionary because they prophesied so much.] While the every-day work of the world is not to be underrated, yet due honor is to be given to the man of abstractions—the seeker for grander realities in the Actual; for in the infinite capacity of things, the Ideal is nearest the True.

But again: The Ideal is an important element of Human Culture, because it is *illimitable*. It is 'a movable point between the actual and the Infinite.' It is Beauty, Excellence, Truth, ever lying beyond present attainment and winning the soul to higher and grander effort. Hence it is adapted to the boundless capacities of the mind, presenting everywhere and always new provocations to research. Faith in something better than the Actual is the very life of the intellect, and he who conceives no Ideal, has lost the pulse of effort, and is mentally dead.

The influence of the Ideal on Character, from the fact of its illimitable nature, presents a strong argument for its worth. It is the soul of all moral progress, for as moral excellence is infinite, human virtue has no limit, and the ever-perfecting Ideal opens a boundless field for acquisition and endeavor. The faults of character spring from *limitation*—from failing to cherish an Ideal ever reaching beyond self; and the great evil of society seen in the *imitation* of what men live up to, presses on us the worth of the Ideal ever rising beyond the Actual.

[The orator then addressed particularly Young Men, in reference to the different Ideals of *manliness*. The ideals of the Past were noticed, represented by Paladin, Sir Philip Sidney, Drake or Raleigh, and then was pictured the condition of that soul which gives itself to sordid aims—to the mere love of wealth. The ambition of those who would be 'a man of fashion' was described with caustic satire and most righteous was the condemnation of their littleness.]

In order to live well *in* the world, said the orator, we must live *above* the world. We can *overcome* the world only by FAITH—a serene vision and a childlike confidence in the highest ideals, for there are times when nothing else is spared to us for encouragement. [And how nobly souls have thus conquered, was vividly portrayed.]

The close of the Oration was an address to the Young Scholar, and the period of life now enjoyed by those he particularly addressed, was deemed peculiarly favorable to the adoption of a high and generous Ideal. In view of this, he said, he had chosen and urged the topic of discourse, and most eloquently did he call upon them to cultivate the faculty of infinite vision—the power to look beyond the surface of things, and live a life of progress and worship. He told them there was little fear that the men of our age and country would live too much in the Ideal. The present is an age of Ideas. The earth is now shaken with the tread of Revolution, because principles, which a century ago were the fine-spun theories of philosophers, or the dreams of poets, have sprung up armed men. They have rocked France like an earthquake.

They have scaled the Alps. They have swept in glittering files through the crumbling arches of Rome. On the banks of the Danube, they struggle in the efforts of a brave and invincible people, shaking the imperial throne of Austria, and turning the Russian Bear back on his track of blood! The orator dwelt on this thought, and then passed to notice that in this age we had an extravagant notion of work as work, forgetting, as Aristotle hath said, that 'the end of work is to gain leisure.' Work is an ordinance for man's discipline, but *for what* is it a discipline? We deify work. This age is an age of business idolatry—the good it crushes or hinders is unheeded. The relics of the past, however hallowed with sacred memories, must give place to utilitarian projects. [Most happily and wittily the business-mania of our land and people was here hit off.] The Ideal comes in to claim due honor for the higher faculties and it were better that they should be heeded at the expense of the lower, than neglected. For the want of this there is a lamentable absence of faith in the Right—it is deemed inexpedient. This is illustrated by the too common action of political parties in our midst. [And then came a most scorching rebuke of the deeds of 'availability' and the mock 'patriotism' of our day. The great want was declared to be, men of ideas—men who have faith in principles, and by voice and pen and every form of influence, give themselves to the Right.]

The Societies addressed were besought by the orator to have faith in something better *in* the Actual; and for their own good, and to make their influence in the world what it should be, he invoked them to labor unto worthy aims, unlike either the Radical or the Conservative, but believe not only in a good time past, and a good time coming, but in a good time *now*. Be not afraid, said he, to be called 'dreamers' because you commune with the Ideal, but call up the once despised dreamers who have died with their trophies of victory in their hands, and whose ideas are the practical sinews and embodied glories of the time. Onward then let the spirit of true enterprise press you, whatever be your sphere of activity; and in this age when nothing is deemed too wonderful to be realized, neither shrink from evil, nor lapse into it, but contend with it and overcome it with courage and fidelity. The Past urges to duty, the Present calls as with a drum-beat, to fill the active Future that opens before you, with a more beautiful, true, and holy Ideal.

On every hand I hear the warmest admiration expressed by those who were listeners to this Oration; and as one of the officers of the day remarked to me, the orator was complimented as none other here ever was,—every seat was occupied, and every one kept his seat, notwithstanding the length of the discourse.

In the evening we were to have had a discourse from Dr. Vinton, of Boston, before the Society of Missionary Enquiry, but on commencing his discourse he was taken ill, and the large congregation were dismissed without any speechification,—which certainly was not right when so many ministers were present, and the occasion an annual one, and the Society a Missionary association.

The rain on Wednesday prevented the large gathering usual in our city on 'Commencement Day,' but the University exercises were attended by a crowded auditory and were of a high character.

Since writing the above, the Providence 'Daily Journal' has given just the right notice of Br. Chapin's oration, and touches very justly on the liberality of the College, though this was not the first occasion on which a Universalist was an orator at Commencement, as Br. David Pickering once addressed the Under Graduates, very acceptably and eloquently.

In haste, because I have no leisure,

HENRY BACON.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 5th, 1849.

Original.

DANBURY, CT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is my lot, with mingled happiness and anxiety, to be pastor of the First Universalist Society in this really beautiful village. Pleasure flows from the prospect of usefulness; and anxiety from the consciousness of my responsibility. The society has had misfortunes that, had it not been made of the best materials, would have irreparably broken and scattered it. Many of the old and reliable members are now with their God. Enough remain, if they will but be united and faithful, to establish their children and others, in love and fidelity to the truth.

My principal object in addressing you, is to give you an account of our unusually interesting Pic Nic, on the 15th inst. The fore part of the week promised us anything but a fair Wednesday. Many, as they rose and ran anxiously to the window, had such visions of clouds as almost to be unable to see the flood of mellow sunlight streaming over the landscape from the east. Satisfied, at last, that the sun was really rising into a vault of unbroken blue, with light hearts, preparations were made for the sylvan visit. Our procession of crowded conveyances from Danbury, reached the already well filled grove of Col. Andrews about 11 o'clock. From various amusements, at the sound of a bell at one, there was a simultaneous flocking about the eatables. Alimentiveness was in a passion at the sight! The lips would involuntarily smack with more gusto than Lamb's Chinaman over "roast pig." Dinner over, all—numbering 250—assembled before the speaker's stand, and united in singing the following original hymn, written for the occasion by Miss E. J. Andrews, a zealous teacher:

Here, within great Nature's temple,
We, thy happy children, come;
Joyfully we here assemble,
Through thy forest fields to roam.
O'er our heads, the trees are bending,
Gracefully, their giant arms;
Flowers, birds, and breezes, blending
All around their sweetest charms.

While the glorious works of nature
We with wondering rapture view,
Unto thee, the great Creator,
We our worship will renew.
We will bow in adoration;
Meekly own thee, great First Cause;
Praise thy name with exultation,
While we seek to know thy laws.

Father, while we meet and mingle
In this social, festal place,
O, within our hearts, enkindle
Love to thee, and all our race.
May the lessons which our teachers
Strive so kindly to impart,
All their glorious, truthful features
Leave, in impress, on the heart.

May thy own peculiar blessing
Rest with him who guides our youth;
May he labor, without ceasing,
To implant the seeds of truth.
May the parent, teacher, pastor,
Work united, heart and hand,
In the vineyard of the Master,
'Till we reach the promised land.

A Solar Lamp was then presented to the Superintendent, with appropriate remarks by the author of the hymn, in behalf of the School. The fitness and elegance of

the conception and execution of the affair produced a good effect, which it is hoped will not end with it. After the reception, Col. Dibble was called to the stand, and was followed by Brs. Joel Taylor, Price, and Justice Jennings. These exercises,—which expressed, and consequently excited the best feeling—received attention, without the restlessness usual at Pic Nics from the city. As we left the grove, every demonstration of satisfaction was exhibited, by look, word, and action. Long shall be remembered that day's happy intercourse. May it serve to give us fresh zeal and unity in the cause of youthful education.

G. H. D.

August 17, 1849.

Original.

THE SPIRIT OF MERCY.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

Awake, my harp, to holy numbers,
And join the minstrel's thrilling lyres;
For Mercy's waking from her slumbers,
To light her altars with true fires!
The loftiest intellects are bending
Before her pure and hallowed shrines,
And brilliant scintillations sending
To Ignorance' remotest lines.

The spirit of mercy is abroad in the land, exerting a moral power which is felt in the very soul of humanity. The philanthropic societies which are multiplying in this present age, are harbingers of a fairer, happier day for the world. The old *Covenant of Revenge* and cruel systems are fast going down, to rise no more! The heavenly flames of mercy are burning intensely on the altar of liberal Christianity; and thousands are already out, basking in the soul-invigorating light. Gloriously shines the star of the Gospel of illimitable mercy and peace, on the moral walks of humanity. The enlightened nations of the earth are astir, and, listening to the spirit airs of mercy, frame their codes in her holy palace halls, under her benign auspices! Truly enlightened people have become influenced by the divine spirit of Mercy, and, as with one voice, they have bid her God-speed. And, though unholy opposition has been arrayed against her by the ignorant and bigoted mass of community, yet, by the ameliorating and untiring course pursued by the faithful servants of mercy, that opposition has tended to promote the true interests of her mission!

Ten thousand silvery voices
The diapason sound,
As, risen in her glory,
Celestial Mercy's found.

List! melodies are ringing,
Within the "prisoner's cell:"
Her spirit, there, is holding
A deep and holy spell.

On, on, with golden chalice,
She bears the holy oil;
Yet enters not the palace;
In lowly courts she toils.

Brighter, and higher, the flames shall glow on the altars of sublime Christianity, like the "perpetual fire of the Montezumas," till the moral fields of Humanity are irradiated with the hallowed scintillations, and become as fit temples for pure and elevated spirits of Peace, Love, and Mercy to dwell in; and with angel ministrations serve and bless the whole sentient Universe! Soon shall the auspicious era come, when every spirit shall be a consecrated vase to the omnipotent Father of mercies! and, filled with the holy oil of Love, from the eternal cruse of

Truth, will burn on the universal shrine of divinity, as bright and burnished vessels of honor and salvation.

Immanuel! Prince of Mercy blest,
Speed on thy mission, good and true;
And, human nature fair, invest
In mantles bright with holy dew.

Adorn thy *purchased*, wide estate,
In crowns of emerald, so fair;
And, wide unfold thy pearly gates,
And bid *all* enter, *holy*, there.

German, N. Y., 1849.

Original.

THE SAVIOR.

In reading the life of Jesus, the mind is insensibly softened by the contemplation of the humility he ever manifested. Indeed, his most appropriate title was "the Meek and Lowly." One part of his mission was to exhibit to man a perfect example of goodness, and to show him, in the clearest manner, that the requirements of the Creator are not arbitrary laws, but are consistent with his moral nature, and, therefore, capable of being obeyed. In all his teachings is seen this remarkable fact, they carry with them their own confirmation, for, in perfect keeping with his meek and gentle character, he appealed to the simple and touching things of nature, and to the most tender feelings of the heart. When he taught the universal love of the Father, he said, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." To illustrate the unceasing care of God, he said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O, ye of little faith?" When he made manifest the blessed truth that God gives us perfect good, he asked, "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or, if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" thus touching the tenderest chord of the human heart,—a parent's love,—and thereby teaching that God is not only a king and a law-giver, but a compassionate Father, who will not administer evil to the necessities of his offspring.

To visit the afflicted, and administer the balm of consolation; to clothe the poor and feed the hungry: to assist the weak and protect the defenceless, are among his teachings, and most beautifully did he illustrate them by his example. No appeal to the passions; no fostering of pride, for his cradle was a manger, and his friends the poor and unknown; yet angels ministered to him who "had not where to lay his head."

But most beautiful to me is the touching prayer which he taught his disciples, "Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." By the kingdom of heaven, I understand that state in which all things harmonize, in which it may be said emphatically that the king of heaven reigns, for all his laws are obeyed; and that this does not refer exclusively to the future is evident from the words "Thy will be done on *earth* as it is in heaven."

And his last, melting prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Were ever such words uttered by any other? Their first impression was made upon me when a very small child. It was a

mild and beautiful day,—a kind of religious day, such as we all remember, and the influence was not lost on my young mind. I was alone, and as these words came upon me, I bowed my head and wept in childish tenderness. Would that those feelings might more frequently return; that the heart rendered stern, it may be, by contact with the world, might open more often its hidden fountain, as in the innocent days of childhood! But to this day, the memory of that moment is with me, and I feel, in all their touching pathos, the beauty of the words, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." E. A. C.

Original.

A THOUGHT.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—You will please permit a constant reader of your excellent paper respectfully to suggest to those ministerial pastors—of different denominations,—who have left our city, and caused their churches to be closed during the warm, and often sickly month of August, on their return to the city, and to the beloved flocks "over which the Holy Ghost has made them overseers," to take an early opportunity to deliver a discourse, (previous notice thereof being given,) on the dignity and high responsibility of the pastoral office, together with a particular description of the various important duties and the constant attentions thereunto appertaining. The absence of the anxious pastors from the dear people of their charge, during the afore named season of five or six weeks, (as the case may be,) must, indeed, necessarily be grievous both to the pastors and their flocks; but then, as a partial relief from this anxiety, the former can have the satisfaction of reflecting that during their absence, besides the amount they may receive for their *charitable* labors in other places, during their absence, their salaries, in full amount, are still going on at home, and to be punctually handed over in due season; whilst the latter, namely: the people composing the several flocks, may console themselves with the consideration that they will be allowed the privilege of paying, in full, the rent of their pews, without having had the trouble of occupying them.

M. R.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness.—They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural thing on earth than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart. Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affections?

Cherish then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial parental and fraternal love. Love God. Love every body and every thing that is lovely.—Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied objects of their domestic cultures, to give them warm hearts, and ardent affections. Bind your whole families together by these strong chords. You cannot make them too numerous. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God—love to man.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849.

UNITARIANS AND UNIVERSALISTS—THE DIFFERENCE.

While Rev. Mr. Bellows, the editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, is laboring to show that there is not, never was, and never can be, any sympathy between *Universalism* and *Unitarianism*, although there is a great, and desirable, and growing sympathy between *Universalists* and *Unitarians*, we contend on the other hand, that there is far more sympathy between the *doctrines* of the two denominations than there is between the *denominations themselves*. While the doctrines throughout are almost entirely identical, the believers and preachers thereof are widely, quite too widely, separated in their feelings and sympathies, the one from the other.

The difference between them is social rather than doctrinal. Universalists are the republicans and form the religious democracy of the liberal part of the nation. The Unitarians form its aristocracy. Theirs is the aristocracy of wealth and of learning. They have many large capitalists in and about Boston, Cambridge, and other large Atlantic towns. They control Cambridge University, the oldest and wealthiest College in the land. They embrace few of the common people in their ranks. Their congregations are the elite, wealthy, but small in numbers, refined, fashionable, and their preachers literary, scholastic, philosophical. The Universalists, on the other hand, are the middling and common classes of the people, made up of and strongly sympathizing with the masses around them; though many of them are in a prosperous and thriving condition, they are, nevertheless, without any of the aristocracy of wealth. They have no College under their control, (though now struggling to get one plain, well-endowed, and practically useful institution of the kind,) they make no pretensions to superior scholarship, or the refinements of philosophy; their preachers are generally men of strong and sound common sense, with such education as they have been able to obtain, plain, outspoken men, preaching with fervor and earnestness the language and doctrines of the Bible, trusting in God, and fully confident of the strength and success of their cause.

Such is the aristocracy of Unitarianism, such the democracy of Universalism. While their doctrinal views are nearly identical, the believers of the latter deem them of great importance, and plainly, and pointedly preach and insist on them; the believers of the former seem to think it vulgar, unrefined, impolitic, unphilosophical, to insist on, or often to preach them. Moreover, while many of the Unitarians have formerly been closely connected, and still remain measurably so, with the old Orthodox Congregational standing order of New England, they are unwilling to offend or break off from their old associates, as they must, if they openly avow and often insist on the final salvation of our entire race. So they leave this necessary inference from their premises undrawn, this inevitable conclusion of their principles, unasserted. But Universalists have no such policy to pursue, no such motives for concealment. They have been driven out of the old synagogues and compelled to organize by themselves, and they are therefore independent, and free to speak out openly and boldly all the convictions of their souls. A somewhat shrewd and original thinker on this subject, a few years since, on being asked what was the difference between Unitarianism and Universalism, answered thus: "The only

difference is this, the Unitarian says, 'two and two, two and two, two and two,' while the Universalist says, 'two and two make four!'" thus giving his interrogator to understand, that while *two and two* could make *nothing but four*, the Unitarian hesitated to assert it, that he refused to draw the necessary and inevitable conclusion from his premises, while the Universalist freely and frankly avowed the result. From the paternity of God, his infinite wisdom, power, goodness, justice, mercy, holiness, immutability and truth, the mission of Christ and all the objects thereof, as held and believed by Unitarians, no other inference can be legitimately drawn than that ultimately all sin and misery shall cease, and universal holiness and happiness prevail throughout God's dominions. Yet from some cause or other many leading Unitarians shun or refuse to avow this grand result. We insist, therefore, that the difference between Unitarians and Universalists consists more in their feelings and *social position* than in disagreement on doctrines or opinions.

It is so with Unitarians and "Christ-ians." The latter denomination, though, perhaps, generally believing less in the doctrine of the restitution than do the former, because they have thought less on the subject, on almost all other subjects, agree entirely with Unitarians; and yet there is very little sympathy between the two denominations. The Christ-ians are jealous of Unitarians, lest the latter should "spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." (Col. ii. 8.) The difference between them is social, rather than doctrinal. D. S.

IGNORANCE AND KNOWLEDGE.

In this world we see through a glass darkly. In consequence of our imperfect vision our hearts are often sadly tried and greatly oppressed. How mysterious to us does that Providence appear, by which millions on millions are born under circumstances where they are necessarily compelled to spend their days in degradation and depravity. Look at the vast Heathen world. How false and injurious are their notions of religion—how burdensome are their rites—how pernicious their superstitions—how licentious their practices. Look also, at those destroyed by sin in our own midst. The gifted and the great, the hope of devoted wives and defenceless children, the pride and support of aged parents, the ornaments of religion, not unfrequently become its most wretched victims. How strangely do the passions of men become, at times, aroused and infuriated. The angry mob will raze to the dust the dwellings where their own kindred dwell, and where they have often found a peaceful and happy shelter; they will level their deadly weapons at those whose greatest offense is an honest difference of opinion, and seek the overthrow of institutions which they prize, when not maddened by passion, as the greatest blessings of heaven! Armies are collected, which go forth against the innocent and weak, and lay waste proud cities, desolate fair fields, and murder by thousands those guilty of no crime, but that of loving their home and repelling their merciless invaders! Diseases also sweep over the country, converting every dwelling into one of grief, and cutting down by thousands those in the morning of life, and those in the vigor of their days.

Why are these evils permitted! Who has not thousands of times asked himself this question? But, as yet no answer has been given. True, we believe that God can bring good out of them—that in some way, unknown to us, he will make them ministers of mercy. But how and why he could not have accomplished his purpose without so much suffering, and waste, and wrong, and injustice, are what we cannot explain. Faith

assures us that all things are ordered for the greatest good of the world, and on this we rest.

I do not say that these events are more mysterious than the protracted sickness of an individual—than the death of the young, or the middle aged, or one on whom is resting the execution of some great and benevolent enterprise. All evil—national, individual, physical, moral—is a mystery, and is attended by circumstances which mortals, with their limited capacities, cannot explain.

The dealings of God will not be always thus obscure. When we enter upon the illuminated future, we shall see with an enlarged and clearer vision. We shall see the reason of all the divine arrangements, and behold every link in that vast chain of Providence by which all events were connected together. What now so tries our hearts, and weighs us down with such heavy discouragement, will be rendered plain, and we shall discover its wisdom, goodness and righteousness; and as we look back through the dark and winding paths in which we have walked, and upon the troubled and mysterious scenes through which we have passed, we shall see how the hand of God has been guiding all things, and how mercy has ever presided over the affairs of time. What a sublime and gratifying sight will that be! Who can conceive of the enrapturing joy that will thrill the soul as it stands upon the shores of the spirit world, and sees that all was order where everything appeared like confusion, that all was harmony where it thought discord reigned supreme, that all was light where darkness seemed brooding over the affairs of men, that all was mercy where it seemed as though cruelty was the controlling power.

But sublime and gratifying as this prospect will be, it will bear no comparison to that which the eternal future will unfold. Then the veil will be rent which hides from the view of the soul the boundless riches of grace; the stores of mercy which God has in reserve; the varied and countless plans formed to exalt, and perfect, and bless the world. If an inspired Apostle, with the imperfect view obtained on earth, could say, "O the depth of God's riches," what must be the extacies of the soul when it sees all as with the eye of God. With such prospects before us, how can we be so bound to earth—so immersed in its blessings—so anxious to remain away from infinite good?

O. A. S.

"THE TRUE WESLEYAN."

In the last week's No. of this paper, (Sept. 8th,) is an article entitled, "Denominational Statistics," credited to the "Presbyterian Advocate." We should like to know by what rule of right, justice or consistency, this paper has omitted the denomination of Universalists? Does the Wesleyan not know that this denomination numbers about 700 preachers and about the same number of meeting houses, in the United States? The editor would have known that this Christian sect numbers about 600,000 believers if he had looked into Mitchell's statistical Tables, and it seems to us, he ought to have found this out and placed it before his readers.

In the same paper is an article, headed "Universalist admissions," occupying nearly two columns, and yet on the same page under "Denominational Statistics," it does not appear that there are any Universalists in America. Surely the Wesleyan is not contending against a shadow or a nullity, but a large and growing denomination of Christians. Will it have the candor and the fairness to state in its next issue that the Universalists number 600,000; that they have 720 meeting houses, and 694 preachers in the United States? Let the readers of the Wesleyan see that notwithstanding its correspondent "Aleph"

thinks that "Br. Lee used up A. C. Thomas," and that "Lee on Universalism" is never to be answered," we are not the least in point of numbers among the Christian Denominations of this community.

If the Universalists are not worthy of a place among the "Denominational Statistics," why occupy column after column and week after week in opposing them and their doctrines? If common justice and a desire to give correct information to the public are to be regarded, why the omission? If the compiler of a Geography was giving the number of inhabitants of each of the States, would he be likely to leave out Massachusetts or Vermont? Or would an astronomer omit to mention the Earth or Saturn in his list of the planets? If our memory serves us, some time ago a request was made to reply to "Lee on Universalism" through the columns of a certain Methodist paper, and this request was denied. Does the Wesleyan know anything about this matter? Was this not the way in which "Mr. A. C. Thomas was used up;" and is not this what "Aleph" means by the "never to be answered Mr. Lee;" that is, there shall be no opportunity for a reply granted in the columns of the Wesleyan? Who could not be used up after this fashion?

B. B. H.

A ONE SIDED SPIRIT.

We read in the Scriptures of "a lying spirit, a false spirit, a dumb spirit," &c.

It seems to us there is a spirit in the world now that may be called a one sided spirit. It is keen and eagle-eyed in reference to the faults, infirmities and sins of others, and seemingly blind to those of its own. It claims to believe, or disbelieve just what it pleases, and all Christians must do it reverence; at least they must say nothing or do nothing by way of showing their dissent or disapproval, or the cry will be heard in earnest, "persecution," "charity is outraged, bitterness, wrath, malice!" This spirit claims to be liberal, generous, magnanimous, and withal very Christian. It repudiates all narrow, injurious creeds and tests, as calculated at once to chain the free-born mind and still the rolling waters of progress and reform. It assumes that the Bible is no better than any other book, a sort of compound of truth and falsehood, wisdom and folly; written in a dark age, when the development of man had hardly begun, and the interior, mental Chrysalis was just formed. It seems to regard those who look on Jesus Christ as the *only son* of God, and the only name whereby we can be saved, as being quite behind the age, and of a superstitious temper. This spirit accuses, judges and condemns, but it cannot brook rebuke, nor endure censure, and it even is very restless and uneasy when contradicted. Now is not this a one-sided spirit? You may hear its voice in shrill and repeated tones in favor of morality, goodness, truth, and virtue, and it talks largely of kindness, mercy, long suffering, and charity. But attempt to meddle with its darling opinions, and it can be as severe, and call as hard names, and apply as cutting epithets as though it had never been distinguished for new light and rapid progress.

Talk to this spirit about a standard of faith and practice, a test or proof of Christian character and Christian belief, and it will tell us that we are throwing the world backwards a thousand years, and clogging up the chariot wheels of progress, and truth, and development.

Charity, according to this spirit, is a sort of easy, indulgent affair, that allows everybody to rail against the Bible as much as they please, to believe just as little or just as much as they please, and to applaud with hearty good will, and to receive into Christian communion and fellowship the veriest infidel.

In Paul's day it appears that "shipwreck" could be made of "the faith," and there were those who could "overthrow" it. But if there is nothing essential or particular to be believed, no standard or measure of Christian faith, what is there to make shipwreck of? He moreover exhorts Christians to stand fast in the faith, and they are importuned to contend earnestly for the faith, the "one faith." What faith? if there is no limit, no standard, no test?

Reader, "Try the spirits, for many false spirits are in the world now." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

B. B. H.

THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

*In our humble judgment, a greater misnomer never occurred than in applying the term *evangelist* to such a compound of bigotry, malignity, and intolerance, as that contained in the above-named journal. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, we may mention the fact, that while it exceeds all the other journals of the city in the frequency and malignity of its attacks upon Universalists and Universalism, it is the only one of the number that refuses us the courtesy of an exchange. While the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Old School Presbyterian, and even the Catholic organs, freely send us their papers in exchange for ours, so that we may have an opportunity to see what they have to say of us, and that they may have an opportunity to learn our sentiments from our own accredited organ, the *Evangelist* alone persists in the meanness of attacking us in the dark, and keeping us in ignorance of its movements, unless, perchance, through the intervention of a friend, they may be brought to our notice. We look in vain either to its correspondence, its editorial effusions, or to its general management, for a single indication of that "good will," which, above all other things, should characterize an "evangelist." We were led to these observations by being shown, recently, a series of articles, headed "Universalist Theology, by Rev. J. P. Warren," continued through several numbers of that paper, and as an apology for not having noticed them before.

Who this Rev. J. P. Warren may be we know not, further than appears from the article before us, and it is certainly no very hopeful indication as regards his truthfulness and candor, that he sets out in his introduction with an endorsement of the *pious lies* of the notorious M. Hale Smith. It is by no means our intention to enter into a labored review of the whole series of articles in question, which are made up chiefly from disjointed scraps and quotations from Universalist authors, with such a construction and application of them, in many instances, as none but a most perverse ingenuity could invent. There seems to be nothing novel in the method of attack, or in the manner of its execution; not a solitary thought that is either new or striking, in opposition to Universalism, or in defense of the tenets of orthodoxy; so that an attempt to answer it at length, would be

*This paragraph was in type before I saw it, and was written by Br. B. in ignorance of the fact, that recently I called at the *Evangelist* office, saw the editor, and expressed to him a wish to renew the exchange which for years has been refused on the part of that paper. The editor expressed his regret at the circumstances which led to the interruption of the exchange, and said he would direct the *Evangelist* to be sent us for the present, until its proprietor returned from Europe, where he was then absent, and the exchange should be continued unless he forbid.

I would also state that the Nos. of the *Evangelist* containing the articles on Universalism were politely handed me. The *Evangelist*, however, has not been received. Whether the editor neglected to give the proper direction, or the proprietor has returned and forbid the exchange, I do not know.

H. L.

but to retread the ground which has so often been trod before. Nevertheless, there are a few things that it may be profitable for us to notice, lest we should be thought unable to answer them, and for the sake of those whose minds are not familiar with the controversy on this subject.

In his introductory observations, Mr. Warren informs us that he has had occasion, recently, to read somewhat extensively the principal standard doctrinal publications of Universalists, and makes the following candid concession in relation thereto: "The conviction has forced itself upon me, that these are but very imperfectly understood, even by those who are set for the defense of the truth." Such, we have no doubt, would be the honest confession of the entire body of the partialist clergy and laity, if they would allow themselves to do as Mr. Warren professes to have done, i. e. read extensively our standard publications. It has long been our conviction that but little would be left for Universalists to do in the way of propagating their sentiments, if those opposed to them would read, in a candid and prayerful spirit, what has been written on the subject. Again, says Mr. Warren, "They" (i. e. the doctrines of Universalism,) "are not now, as many suppose, whatever they may once have been, a congeries of vague and shifting opinions, but a well settled and definite system, demanding in him who would successfully oppose it, a thorough and accurate acquaintance with it." Truth—every word of it! If we recollect aright, the renowned Mr. Hatfield made a similar concession some years ago, and now we feel to rejoice that at least one other partialist clergyman has got his eyes open to this fact. Let this good work go on—let the clergy of the opposite sects read our standard publications, and learn therefrom that ours is a "well settled and definite system," and then if they are disposed to attack it, we may expect something in the way of controversy worth attending to. It is undoubtedly true that partialists have suffered severely in their encounters with Universalists, from the cause above suggested, and it is equally true that thousands of benevolent minds that are deeply prejudiced against us, would find little occasion for opposition if they fairly understood our sentiments. The best method of doing this is, undoubtedly, for each one to examine them for himself, as Messrs. Hatfield and Warren have done. We hope, however, that none will be induced to take Mr. Warren's representation of our doctrines as a truthful account of them. It should be remembered that he entered upon his investigation, with a mind filled with prejudice, and with a manifest determination to find fault and to controvert. This is evident from his labored attempt to convict us of inconsistency, by cutting out here a scrap and there a scrap, and distorting and perverting them by putting the worst construction they could possibly bear. How much better and more becoming would it have been in Mr. Warren, to advise his readers to do as he has done, read the standard works of Universalists for themselves, rather than to seek to strengthen their prejudices by aspersion and misrepresentation, and thus keep them in that state of ignorance, which he professes to deplore. Would he, we put it to his conscience now, be willing to have the standard authors of his church treated in the same manner that he has treated the writings of Universalists in the articles published in the *Evangelist*? We can tell him that it would require but a moderate amount of ingenuity to make a very hideous looking affair of the entire body of orthodox divinity, though we confess there might, in the exercise of the highest skill, be a difficulty in aggravating, to any great extent, the natural deformity of the system. There never was a book or a treatise on any subject, that would bear to be treated in such a manner, not even the Bible. We will detain the reader, at this time, with a notice of but one out of many in-

stances of the kind referred to, that serve to illustrate the manner in which Mr. Warren attempts to enlighten his readers concerning the views of Universalists. Under the head of "Mercy of God," we have quotations from three Universalist writers of considerable note, to prove that "God will certainly punish sin." All which is doubtless true, but why did he neglect to state the fact in that connection, that the language of the Bible is stronger than any that he quoted from the authors above referred to. Take the following as examples: "Who (God) will by no means clear the guilty." "Who (God) will render to every man according to his deeds." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished." Did not Mr. Warren know that in censuring Universalists for teaching the certainty of punishment, he was finding fault with one of the plainest truths in all the book of God? Let him first reconcile his notions of mercy or forgiveness as meaning the remission of punishment due to sin with the above plain passages of Scripture, and then we will attend to his reproofs to Universalists for believing the same thing. Until then we fear he will have to apply to himself no small share of the censure conveyed in the confession at the commencement of his article, that our views are but imperfectly understood, even by the leaders of the opposition.

S. C. B.

FATHER BALLOU'S NEW WORK.

A VOICE TO UNIVERSALISTS, by Hosea Ballou. Boston: Published by J. M. Usher.

Since the announcement of a new work from this venerable father in our Israel, we have looked, in common with many others, with intense anxiety for its appearance. Everybody loves and honors this distinguished advocate of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, who has ever known him intimately enough to appreciate his real worth. He possesses a sound and logical mind, and a heart full of love for the truth of God and good of humanity. It is doubtful if an other can be found among the living who has been the instrument of producing so great a change in the theological opinions of a country, or one who has kept himself more humble and obedient to the word; for Mr. Ballou is, of all men, the most modest and unassuming in his manners, and sincere and upright in his intercourse with the world. He has passed through a fiery ordeal. His enemies have been many and virulent. No means have been left unemployed which bigotry and malice could suggest to injure his reputation and destroy his influence. But all has been vain. He has outlived all asperity, and maintained his integrity up to this hour, and nobody, friend or foe, can fail to respect him as an honest and excellent man, whatever may be their estimation of his peculiar views of Christian doctrine. For more than half a century he has occupied a prominent position among the living advocates of Universal Grace and Salvation. He has seen the progress of our opinions, and their influence upon other theories. He has seen our numbers swelled from a dozen preachers to seven hundred; our societies from as small a number to over a thousand; and the believers, from a few families, scattered and despised by professing Christians, to a great and mighty people, occupying positions in public favor and estimation, equal to any other sect.

From such a man any work would be hailed with delight, as we hailed the announcement of the one before us. Mark, then, our surprise, when we came to look at the reality. We were disappointed; sorely, sadly disappointed. It is not what we hoped for; not what we expected. It looks like a book "got up" to sell on the strength of the author's popularity. We do

not mean by this that it does not contain much valuable matter, much that all will highly prize, much that will do good: but the style in which it is published indicates what we have said. The "wide margin," to use a business phrase, costs too much. It should have been published in a form more like a book that is a book, than a little seven by nine page with a two inch margin. And then, 200 pages of the work are filled with poetry, mere fugitive pieces, selected from old papers, which the author "consented, with great reluctance should be presented to the public." Father Ballou is a profound theologian, and remarkable for his logical powers, but he never excelled as a poet. He says of himself "he makes no pretensions of being a poet, having never studied the art for a single hour." It is a pity the first 126 pages had not been published by themselves, for they contain the proofs of the author's views and feelings on the subjects therein treated, and, being unencumbered with the poetic portion, would have had a much wider circulation.

Waiving these strictures, we would commend the work for its merits. 1. It contains an excellent likeness of the distinguished author, the best we have ever seen of him. 2. It contains an expose of some of the peculiar views of this deep-thinker; views, however, in which many of our denomination do not coincide altogether. But they are so clearly and candidly stated that even these cannot respect the author less for the difference. 3. The advice and suggestions to our denomination are of much value, and will be esteemed a great legacy by our confraternity, and exert an influence for good.

On the whole, we are glad to see this "Voice," and, but for the "superincumbent" matter, and consequent high price, we should anticipate for it an immense sale.

It is for sale at this office. Orders will be supplied, to any amount, at the publisher's price.

THE DIVINE IMMUTABILITY.

"I the Lord change not," is the voice of the Bible, and nature, in all her works, confirms its truth. With what a regular and changeless course the sun seems to roll on in the heavens. The fruits appear in their season; seed-time and harvest, spring and summer, autumn and winter, in exact and regular gradation move on, showing that God is unchangeable. There is reason for trust and confidence in this one demonstrable fact, that God is now what He always was; what He always will be. The gods of antiquity were capricious and changeable; pleased to-day, and sour, frowning, vengeful to-morrow. They needed hecatombs of bleeding victims to appease their wrath, and sacrifices to secure their favor. Not so with the only living and true God. He changes not. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Man may change, seasons change, empires crumble and fall; the earth is full of change, but God is not moved by any of these changes. "He moves on his own undisturbed affairs," and none of the revulsions and commotions of the world affect him. It is to be regretted that Christians should have incorporated into their religious creeds a doctrine which opposes the plain, great truth of the Divine immutability. What is the doctrine of the "atonement" as now generally held, but a denial of this fundamental truth? The death of Christ is supposed to have changed God from one state of feeling, (so to speak) to that of another; or, as Calvin expresses it, "God hated and loved the sinner in a wonderful manner, at the same time," and the sacrifice of Christ was necessary to remove this hatred, appease the Divine wrath, and "satisfy his justice." How much like the heathen divinities this represents God to be. Of the two, the heathen claims the preference; for their gods would

be appeased with the blood of criminals, and even with that of beasts. But, according to modern theology, God must have the blood of his own innocent Son to appease his vengeance! Christians of the 19th century, beware how you adopt doctrines so much like the mythology of dark and ignorant times; but worship and serve the unchangeable God, Him who is "without variability or shadow of turning."

B. B. H.

PENNSYLVANIA UNION ASSOCIATION.

Met, pursuant to a call from Standing Clerk, in Reading, Sept. 5, 1849.

The Council was duly called to order, and organized by choosing Dr. E. H. Mason Moderator, and R. K. Brush, Clerk. United in prayer with Br J. Gallagher. Minutes of last session read and approved.

Delegates present—Dr. E. H. Mason, Lewis Briner, Joseph E. Barrett, and Wm. E. Wilson, Reading; Joseph Nightengale, J. E. Wilson, Gusta Patier, Easton; Reuben St. Clair, J. Russell, R. M. Palmer, Jr., John Kitter, Pottsville.

R. M. Palmer and John Nightengale were appointed Committee on Discipline.

Br. A. B. Grosh, J. Gallagher, and R. K. Brush, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Delegates appointed to attend the State Convention—A. B. Grosh and James Gallagher, clerical; Dr. E. H. Mason, Reading; R. M. Palmer, Pottsville, and John Nightengale, Easton, lay; with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies.

Br. A. B. Grosh was appointed to preach the Occasional Sermon at the next session of this body.

Br. A. C. Thomas, Committee of the Philadelphia Association, appointed to confer with this body in relation to a junction of the Philadelphia and Union Associations, made a full statement of the matter, with the reasons for the proposition. After interchange of thought upon the subject, it was

Resolved, That Br. A. B. Grosh be, and is hereby appointed a Committee to unite with Br. Thomas in the preparation of a constitution and by-laws, to be presented for approval at the next ensuing sessions of the Associations proposed to be united.

Adjourned to meet in Easton, the first Wednesday in Sept., 1850.

This meeting of our Association was very harmonious and pleasant with one exception. On Thursday we were called to deposit in the grave the last mortal remains of Br. John H. Wright, one of the most active members of our Society in Reading. For the last four years preceding the present, he was Post Master of the city, enjoyed an extensive acquaintance, and was universally beloved and respected. He died as he had lived, a firm and unwavering Universalist. May that faith which sustained him through his long sickness, comfort and console the bereaved widow and mourning children. Br. Grosh preached a very excellent sermon on the occasion, and a very thrilling address was delivered at the grave by Br. A. C. Thomas. With this exception our meeting was extremely pleasant. Sermons were preached by Br. Gallagher, Thomas and Brush. Most of the visitors remained until Saturday, and on Friday, I am informed, they had a glorious Pic Nic in a grove about a mile from the city. These Pic Nics are great things! There is something so sweet in old and young being brought together, and enjoying the pure air in some beautiful grove, and then the partaking of all those little *fixings* which are usually got up at such times, with so much *taste*! Dear me, it is delicious!

The ladies, you know, wear their most pleasant smiles, the birds seem to sing their most charming songs, and old and young, great and small, appear to enjoy it so much. Well, just so it

was there! But I missed it! and an awful miss it was too, if half the stories are true in relation to it. I never shall forgive myself for being coaxed away. One of the most grave and sedate men of our Society in Pottsville, was so enchanted with it, that he entirely forgot that he had business of the greatest importance to transact at home, and actually staid until the next day. But probably they will have another just such a one at Easton next year, when you, editors of the Messenger, can come on and take a part in it; and if I am permitted to attend I rather *guess* I shall stay until it is over.

Our Society in Reading is in a very prosperous condition, and under the labors of Br. Grosh they move on happily and unitedly. May God bless them all.

R. K. BRUSH, Clerk.

Will the Trumpet and Freeman please copy?

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW LONDON, CT.

We understand that the Universalist Society in New London, has secured for its use the Episcopal Church of that place. We are informed that it was purchased by four friends and by them presented to the Society. It is centrally and beautifully situated and with some slight alterations in the interior arrangement, will be a very handsome and convenient place of worship. This will place the Society in a much better condition than ever before. Since the above was in type we have received a note from Br. Dennis, confirming its correctness.

HEALTH OF BR. S. R. SMITH.

We learn that Br. Smith's health has very much declined, and that his proposed removal to Illinois is, for the present abandoned. He is yet in Buffalo. We trust we shall yet hear of his recovery, or, if that be hopeless, at least of an improvement, and that his valuable life may be longer spared.

REV. J. M. COOK.

This Brother has received a unanimous call to settle in Baltimore. The urgency of the brethren in that place to secure his services and the prospect of being extensively useful there, has induced him to accept the invitation. He leaves in Providence, a strong, united and prosperous society, by which he is greatly beloved and esteemed. He will commence his labors in Baltimore on the first of November. We wish him abundant success in his new field of labor.

FATHER MATHEW AND WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The article from G. L., in relation to the remarks we made a few weeks since on the above named gentlemen, has not sufficient merit to entitle it to an insertion. Had we time we would rewrite it, but we have not. G. L. complains of the view taken of Mr. Garrison's course, and thinks he did perfectly right. He says that Father Mathew denied being an Abolitionist, and that Abolitionism does cover the whole ground of humanity, and that Mr. Garrison does not wish the clergy to leave off preaching and engage in the Abolition cause. Very well. Let the public judge.

QUERY.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Can you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper what the New York Universalist Missionary Society are doing for the promulgation of the Gospel in this city and surrounding country? Do not its members "need a reformation?" Are there no dark places that need the light of Gospel truth, or no thirsty souls that need the waters of "everlasting life." G.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

B. B. Mussey & Co. of Boston, have published the third edition of Wm. Jay's work on the "Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War." The object of the work is thus stated in the Preface: "It aims to recommend and enforce the duty of preserving peace, by exhibiting the wickedness, the baseness, and the calamitous consequences of a victorious war, effecting all the ends for which it was waged." From this it will be seen that it is not a mere history of the war, but a full exhibition of its causes, its wrongs, its cost, its evils, &c. In other words it is a plea for peace, an urgent, able, and effective plea. No one can read it without shuddering at the horrors which the Mexican war produced, and wishing success to the writer in calling attention to the duty and importance of peace. The work exhibits great industry, and is invaluable for its historical facts. But its chief value consists in its noble doctrines, its high aims, its just views, and the effect which it is destined to have upon the world. It is not the production of a political partisan, but of a friend of justice and love, who from the lofty stand-point of the Gospel, surveys the war and all its consequences. The work is a 12mo. of nearly 350 pages, well printed and bound. U. Hunt & Co.; and M. W. Dodd, of New York, are publishers, in connection with Mussey & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Louisa" is thrice welcome to our columns after a short recess. We hope her "harp" will not hang long unstrung on the willows.

"E. A. C." writes not to amuse her readers with the tinsel and web of fancy, but to awaken pure thoughts, devout aspirations, and filial love. Let not the modesty manifested in the private note cast a doubt of distrust over the brilliancy of her pen.

Shall we hear again from "R. B. E.?" She is culling flowers we trust, in the new and better path.

"A. A. M." keep that lyre in tune; it not only "discourses sweet music," but reveals pure sentiments in "thoughts that move, and words that burn."

We have other valued and esteemed correspondents; they know our wants, will they anticipate our wishes? "Theresa," "Lyra," "Ada," &c., have our sincere thanks for past favors, and our hearty wishes for future contributions, as leisure and inclination may suggest.

COURTLAND, N. Y.

We regret to learn by a recent letter sent us by Br. J. H. Harter, that Br. Randolph and his lady are sick. Br. R. has not been able to preach for several weeks in consequence of his illness. Br. H. adds, "Our cause here is prospering finely." We hope Br. R. and his lady will soon be restored to their usual health.

FOSTER'S LETTER ON ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

Are we doing all we can and should do, in giving extensive circulation to this valuable work? Cannot a fund of fifty or a hundred dollars be raised in this city, and similar sums in other places, for the purpose of procuring the letter, as presented in Prof. Crosby's Pamphlet, for gratuitous circulation among our Orthodox friends? Could our Missionary Society devote a portion of its funds to a better object than in circulating this work?

Allow me, Messrs. Editors, to present these queries to our friends through your paper, hoping that the importance of the subject will not be lost sight of, remembering too, that it is in vain to publish powerful arguments on any question, unless they

can be brought before the people, and almost equally useless if they are read only by those who need no change of sentiment. Should there be a disposition to raise a respectable fund for the above purpose, you may put me down for five dollars.

Long Island, Sept., 1849.

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NOTE.—Let those who prefer individual effort, exclusively, purchase a half dozen, dozen copies, and place them in Orthodox hands.

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, BROOKLYN.

The Congregation resumed public worship last Sunday in the Lyceum, corner of Concord and Washington-streets. They will continue to meet in the same place till the Session Room of the new Church on Monroe Place is finished.

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—J. S. Redfield has published a work on the diseases of the chest, written by H. J. Culverwell, M. D., author of "Guide to Health," "How to be Happy," &c. We regard the work as one of great value, full of seasonable advice, and well calculated to make people understand the dangers to which they are exposed from colds, coughs, &c. We would commend it to the attention of all who think prevention better than cure, and who wish for information concerning those complaints to which they are most exposed. No books receive less attention than those relating to health; whereas they ought to be among the first to be read.

"THERE IS A HELL."

Rev. Mr. Schemmerhorn, pastor of the 4th Congregationalist Church in 16th Street, is trying to convince his hearers that their is a Hell of endless torment for the wicked. Suppose he succeeds; will they love God any more, or serve him any better; or be happier for it? We hope they are not bad enough to rejoice in the belief that some body is to be infinitely miserable. And if he cannot make them religious from any better motive he will be little likely to accomplish it by this method. St. Paul says, it is the "goodness of God" that leadeth to repentance?

GOOD RULES.

Keep your room well ventilated. Close rooms generate disease. Many a constitution is undermined from such confinement.

Throw off your feather beds and lie upon straw—or even the floor, if you have nothing better. The cheap cotton mattresses make a good bed and a healthy one. Feathers are bad to lie upon at any time, and more particularly in the summer season.

Use cold water freely. Wash yourself thoroughly with it every morning. A little salt put in the water, just enough to give it a briny taste will keep the pores healthy, and strengthen and invigorate the system.

Eat lightly, especially if your habits are of a sedentary character. Do not eat in a hurry but masticate your food well before it is deposited in the stomach. This bolting down provisions, anaconda-like, is most destructive to the digestive organ. Avoid too great an indulgence in 'high living,' as it is called. Plain food is the best.

Let every man, woman and child, keep a little pulverized charcoal in their rooms, and on retiring at night, let them put as much as can be laid on a sixpence in their mouths, and work it about among the teeth with the tongue, and it will not be long before there will be no decayed teeth for the dentist to fill with amal-gum or pure gold.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

MY DEPARTED.

The gentle wind is through my chamber stealing,
In murmurs soft and sweet,
And music through the forest-aisles is pealing,
My lonely heart to greet.

The sparkling brook with bounding life is dancing,
Where dark yon shadows lie,
And night's pale watchers over earth are glancing
With dim and tearful eye.

But o'er my spirit memory is throwing
A deep and solemn shade;
I feel that all, however bright and glowing,
At last must droop and fade.

An angel form before my gaze is gleaming,
With eyes of purest light,—
Eyes, that upon me once were mildly beaming,
Now closed, alas! in night.

Oh, gentle sister, dost thou e'er hear the weeping
My heart will make for thee?
Thou peaceful one, beneath the violet sleeping,
Heed'st thou my agony?

I miss thee in the evening's purple gloaming,
And by the laughing rill;
I miss thee, o'er the flower-decked valley roaming,
And darkly crowned hill.

I miss thee when the home-fire gloweth cheerful,
And in the house of prayer,
I miss thee, when my heart is sad and tearful—
I miss thee every where.

What though by rill-side violets are springing?—
They wave above thy head.
What though, with music, earth is gladly ringing?—
I feel that thou art dead.

And yet, at times it seems my cheek is glowing
With thy sweet child-like kiss,
Thy arms in love, again thou'rt round me throwing—
Oh vain and fancied bliss.

The cup is bitter—aid me, gracious Father,
Aid these weak lips to drink;
The storms of grief once more around me gather,
Help, Father! or I sink.

I know, O Merciful, I am not singled
Avenging wrath to feel,
For with these bitter dregs thy hand hath mingled
A balm my soul to heal.

Were it not so I could not call thee, "Father"
As now, in child-like trust;
I could not lean on thee, my God, but rather
Sink low my hopes in dust.

Aid me, O Father! aid my weak endeavor
To bow, in all, to thee.

Give me to feel that thou art with me ever,
And still this agony.

She was my idol whom thou'st taken from me,—
I bowed my soul to her;
Yet thou with smiles of love hast looked upon me,
And sent the Comforter.

Then keep her, Father, keep my priceless treasure;
Henceforth, I call her *thine*.
Give me, O God, to know thy holy pleasure,
To know and make it mine.

E. A. C.

A GOOD STORY.

Old Col. W——, formerly a well known character in one of our Eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying any lot of trumpery that came under the head of miscellaneous, for the reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing his money away in fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the old corners of his dwelling and out houses with a collection of non-descript articles which would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so he went on, adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group were assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock-indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents! cried the auctioneer, Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning, Colonel! a magnificent lot of—of antiques—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see such another lot; and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents." Col. W. can you permit such a sacrifice?" The Col. glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant, the hammer came down, and the purchase was his at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for, and removed immediately, the Col. lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen everything packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now, at least, he made a bargain at which even his wife could not grumble.

In due time, the Colonel was sitting at the dinner table when lifting his eyes observed a cloud on his wife's brow. "Well, my dear," said he inquiringly, "Well," repeated his wife, "it is not well, I am vexed beyond endurance. You know G——, the auctioneer." "Certainly," replied the Col. "and a very gentlemanly man, he is too." "You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't, and will tell you why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last twelve months, and sent it to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so this week at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on two things, first, in having got rid of a most intolerable

nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough there from to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think?—this morning, about an hour ago, the whole load came back again without a word of explanation!" The Colonel looked black for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only with the promise of a ten dollar note besides that in the hands of the auctioneer on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course, she kept her promise.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

ONCE MORE.

Once more! once more. Oh, sing once more,

The song she sung in early day;

Pour on my aching heart again

The magic of that thrilling lay.

Oh! lead me back to other hours,

When hope within my heart was young;

When every thought in music moved,

When every nerve to joy was strung.

When hopes were rising in my soul,

And roses bloomed in life's young glade;

Ere I had learned that hope could die,

Or e'en the brightest roses fade.

When winds seemed dancing in their glee,

And stars were laughing in the sky;

And ever on me brightly gleamed

The glance of one soft, midnight eye.

Ah! how the winds go sighing now;

The stars—how dim the light they shed;

The glory of that soul-lit eye—

Alas! alas! its light has fled!

The hand that touched my spirit's chord

Will wake no more the gentle strain,

The voice that warbled out its joy,

Will never sing that song again.

Yet, when the day and evening meet,

And heaven's gates are flung apart,

I think I hear that angel voice—

I'm sure it's ringing in my heart!

Then touch the notes, and sing once more

The song she sung for me alone.

Nought, save the iron hand of life,

Can hold my spirit from her own.

Birmingham, Mich., 1849.

LYRA.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE.

AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826, that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back-room watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted,

no former stability was looked to, a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir, I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer stared.

"You seem surprised, you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thomp-

son. "In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts. —[Gospel Banner.

THE KING-CUP AND CLOVER-BLOSSOM.

A PROSE POEM.

BY J. W. HANSON.

A white Clover-Blossom modestly lifted her head from the green Earth. Her pale cheek was almost hidden in the long grass. She was scarcely conscious of her own existence, and would have bloomed unseen, but for her fragrant breath, which filled the air with perfume.

High above her head flaunted a brilliant King-Cup. As the winds fluttered her broad yellow petal to and fro, she seemed a golden butterfly, and not a flower. She did not see the white Clover-Blossom that slept unconsciously at her feet.

And there was a beautiful brown Bee that the King-Cup loved. His wings were transparent like silken gauze, and he wore a broad, glittering band of gold about his waist.

But the Bee cared not for the King-Cup!

A tattling Zephyr came riding by on her invisible steed, and she whispered to the King-Cup the cause of the Bee's neglect. He loved the unpretending Clover-Blossom.

Then the King-Cup looked down at her feet, and beheld the Clover-Blossom slept in the grass. Her pale cheek was wet with tears, and her head was bowed with sadness. She dreamed of the Bee!

"Vain, aspiring creature!" cried the King-Cup, "what ambitious spirit has filled thee, that thou darest raise thy thoughts to him whom I have selected! Dost thou think he will deign to regard thee, thou earth-seeking Daughter of the Dust? Will he look so low as thou art, while I allure his eyes?"

Then the Clover-Blossom timidly looked up to reply, but her bosom filled with sadness, and breathing a prayer for forgiveness, she sunk at the feet of the haughty flower.

A musical murmur filled the summer air. Nearer it came, charming the Flowers, and hushing the Zephyrs to rest. It was the Bee. Round and round the lofty King-Cup he flew, while she delightedly listened to his musical murmurs. But they were not for her. With a hasty wing he left her, and dropped into the bosom of the sweet Clover Blossom. And the proud flower withered and died, hearing no sound save the voice of the Bee, as he sung the song of affection to the unassuming but lovely Flower.

Maiden! 'Tis not the proud, the rich the beautiful that win the love of others; 'tis the virtuous and the good.—*Museum.*

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

The eccentric H. H. Breckinridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter: the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would be to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you

when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat; for though your flesh might be young and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate it would not do for a long sea voyage.

"You might make a good barbacue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being a little better than a two year old colt. So much for you. As for myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hurt me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn-door about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge, that, if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

CONVENTION NOTICES, &c.

UNITED STATES' CONVENTION

The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next session in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in October, 1849. The change in the time has been made in compliance with the request of the brethren in Cincinnati, urged on account of the epidemic which has prevailed in that city. It is confidently believed by them that the Cholera will have entirely disappeared from their midst by the 1st of October.

At the last session of this body, Rev. A. A. Miner was appointed to preach the next Occasional Sermon. Dr. H. Ballou, 2d, was appointed a Committee to prepare some general plan for the investigation of charges of improper conduct, whenever made against a clergyman of the order, to report at the next session. It was also voted that the Committee appointed at the session of 1847, to collect facts pertaining to the sessions of the General Convention of the New England States, and others, be continued, to report at the next session. The Committee consists of Revs. T. Whittemore and H. Ballou, 2d.

J. M. AUSTIN, Standing Clerk

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

This body will hold its next annual session at Monticello, Sullivan County, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 24th and 25th. All societies of our faith in its limits are requested to send Delegates, and ministers, and friends generally, are cordially invited to attend. Let there be a large gathering at this spiritual feast. T. B. THAYER, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.

THE OTSEGO UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION will meet at the Fly Creek Universalist Church, on the last Wednesday and Thursday of September. Ministers and people are urged to come up to this mountain of our God. The feast is for all. There will be preaching both days.

J. A. BARTLETT, President.

CONFERENCE AT RUSHVILLE.

The Ontario Association of Universalists will hold a Conference in Rushville, (ten miles south of Canandaigua,) on the first Wednesday and Thursday in October next, 3d and 4th. The Methodists have kindly granted us the use of their meeting house for the occasion.

Mr. Benjamin Perry will direct visitors to places of entertainment. We confidently look for a large meeting. We hope the ministers in this region, and from abroad, will remember us and be present; and laymen a host, friends, and strangers to the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." Awake! O, Zion!

J. R. JOHNSON.

Victor, N. Y., Sept. 3d, 1849.

NOTICE.

There will be a Conference held at Farmerville, Seneca Co., on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday, (26th and 27th,) of September. Ministering brethren are cordially invited to attend. There are quite a number of warm-hearted friends in Farmerville who will take good care of those who may come from a distance. As there is not a single society of our order in Seneca Co., and as the object of this meeting is to bring together the friends of truth in the vicinity of the above-named village, that they may take steps for the organization of a society and the support of preaching among them, it is sincerely hoped that all our clerical brethren who can, will make it in their way to be present.

H. BOUGHTON.

Scipio, Sept. 4, 1849.

NOTICE.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, will be holden at Holland Patent, (town of Trenton,) on the first Wednesday and Thursday, (3d and 4th days) of October next. All our ministering brethren of this and of sister Associations, and brethren and sisters generally of our faith, as well as those "of the contrary part," are respectfully invited to be present, and share with us in the joys and benefits of the occasion.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

Sept. 3d, 1849.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

A lecture in reply to the course of Rev. Mr. Schemmerhorn, on endless hell torments, will be given in the Bleecker-street Church, Corner of Downing, to-morrow evening. Services commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Br. W. A. Stickney will preach at Westport, Ct., the fourth Sabbath in September, morning and afternoon, and Lecture in the Town House in Norwalk at 5 o'clock, the same day.

Br. W. R. G. Mellen, of Cabotville, Mass., will preach in Williamsburgh the third and fourth Sundays of September.

Br. H. Lyon will preach next Sunday morning and evening at the Blazing Star School House, near Br. D. Tappan's residence.

He will also preach at Braman's Corners, Schenectady Co. the last Sunday in September, and the first in October, and in Schenectady in the evening of the last Sunday in September.

NOTICE.

The Susquehanna Association of Universalists will hold its next annual session in the village of Montrose, Susquehanna Co. Pa., on Wednesday and Thursday the 3d and 7th days of October next. The Council will convene at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and Divine service will commence at 1-2 past 10 o'clock. All Universalist Societies in the bounds of said Association are requested to see to it that they are duly represented in Council.

E. E. GUILD, Standing Clerk.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. Robert Gray, to Miss Mary Adalaide Finch. Also, Mr. John D. Krum to Miss Hannah Maria Van Riper.

On Wednesday evening, 5th inst., by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Mr. George W. Cutter, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Augusta Ransom, daughter of B. Ransom Esq., of Brooklyn.

In Skeneateles on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Swell, J. B. Ewell, M. D., of Central Square, Oswego Co., to Miss Mary Elizabeth Thumb, daughter of Adam Thumb, Esq., of the former place.

By the same, Aug. 27th, in Niles, Mr. Montgomery Miller, to Miss Eliza Kellogg, all of Mosaira, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

In Sullivan, April 4, by Rev. A. W. Bruce, Mr. Lorenzo F. Gooden to Margaret A. Hazeltine.

July 15th, by the same, Mr. Marsell Brosseau, to Miss Sophia Nichols.

In Cazenovia, Aug. 6, by the same, Mr. J. T. Jackson, to Miss Sarah S. Burton.

In Perryville, Sept. 4, by the same, Mr. John Richardson, to Miss Miss Lucy D. Ransom.

DEATHS.

On the 17th of August, of Dysentery, Miss JOSEPHINE MERRITT aged 20.

Those connected with the Orchard-street Sunday School during my Superintendence, will remember the subject of this brief notice, as one who faithfully performed her duties as a Scholar and maintained an affectionate intercourse with her associates. She was always a kind sister, and a dutiful daughter: peculiarly the solace of the later years of her mother's widowhood. Her death causes an afflictive bereavement indeed; but her friends have the hope of the Christian believer, that her Father still cares for her, and is leading her to perfection and bliss.

G. L. D.

In Canastota, Aug. 13, Mr. Leonard Whitney aged 54.

The deceased came to his death by a fall from a building, of which he was master workman, by which he received some internal injury, causing his death in about three hours. Br. Whitney was an estimable citizen, and a firm and consistent Universalist.

A. W. B.

In New Hamburg, August 24, of the prevailing epidemic, Mr. Franklin Frederick, aged 27 years. Br. Frederick was a young man esteemed and beloved by a large circle of acquaintances.

In Jersey city, the 9th inst., Clara, youngest daughter of Hiram and Susan E. Fisher, aged 2 years.

"Happy infant early blest,
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest"

In Woodstock, Vt., Sept. 12, of Dysentery, Mr. Ransom Williamson, in the 78th year of his age, father of the Rev. I. D. Williamson, late of this city.

In Mount Pleasant, Westchester Co., New York, on the 7th inst., Edward Priestly, Esq., in the 80th year of his age.

In Plainfield, Otsego Co., Sept. 6th, Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, widow of the late Marshal Baker, aged 71 years. She not only possessed faith in God, as the Father of all souls, but she felt that faith work by love in her heart, till in every human heart she saw a brother or a sister. We wish that we had an army of just such believers. She walked with God and was not, for God took her. May the hand of Christ bind up the wounds of the mourning spirits and point them to the land of rest for the weary.

J. A. BARTLETT.

In Clay, on the 11th ult., Eliza J. daughter of Jefferson and Fanny Freeman, in the 17th year of her age. The subject of this notice possessed a studious and inquiring mind quite superior to her years, and, probably too great for her physical strength. Her illness was protracted and painful, but she bore it with fortitude and resignation. At the age when life seemed most desirable, while surrounded with fond and deoting friends, and the prospect of coming years was fraught with hope and anticipation, disease and death claimed her as their victim, and the skill of physicians and tears of kindred could not wrench her from their grasp. Without murmuring or repining she calmly sank to rest.

Ere woes with which the world is rife,
With age and care had poisoned life,
When nature smiled and roses bloomed,
She passed away to an early tomb